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For the National Era.

FAMILY TIES:

THE STORY OF MARY C ....

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

We often hear it said that the natural affec-

and the instances where it is not, may be the

exceptions, and not the rule. But we have

known very many in whose bosoms there did

not seem to glow a single spark of the " love of

kindred," and to whom the ties of relationship

Mary C- was the only daughter of a rich

and titled father, who gave her the education

and accomplishments which were considered a

lived; and about their establishment there was

sort of feudal grandeur which was often

found among our republican ancestors, the

remnants of the life they lived in the proud

onsidered he had a right to exercise over a

daughter the authority which should control

her heart, and with the sternness of a feudal

baron refused her hand to him who had gained

her love, because wealth or honors had not

In those days there was only one sphere for

woman; and if deprived of the power of walk-

in this, her only womanly course was to pine

and die. The romances of the olden time

of real life was deepened and protracted by

the halo with which it was invested in all the

novels of the age. Without love, life had no

was left to corrode by its own bitterness.

fallen like a millstone upon his heart; but there was never any evidence that the sound of a

single footfall fell upon his ear.

To say a father could cease to love a child

would be considered too monstrous a thought

to originate in human breast; but what

strange love is that which has no softening

power, which can dwell in a father's heart, with-

shed no perfume on the air—their mission is but half accomplished. So there are lives, that seem by sorrow marked from the cradle to the grave. There is life and motion, but there is a blight upon the spirit; and however

genial the sunshine that warms it, or gentle the

dews that water it, there is but a shadowed

brightness, which passes away in thick clouds of darkness, and leaves no trace but gloom. For a little while, Mary was happy in her

new life, but death soon snapped the cord which bound her to a loving heart, and she was left

alone again—alone upon a desert isle, without a flower or leaf to gladden her weary eyes, or a bending twig to cling to for support. Alone

weary head, beat with no kindly sympathy. A

but it was not without alloy; and now, that she

was thrown back upon a relentless parent for

protection and support, her misery was without a ray of hope. She wept, but the tears were like burning lava, and gave her no relief; and soon the brain, like the seared and withered

was again opened to give her shelter.

Prostrate upon a bed of sickness, her

tering throne.

and possessions.

were not even bonds of common interest.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

### THE OLD ORCHARD. BY ANN SUMNER DRAKE,

Back of the cottage, with arms spread wide, sand the orchard trees on the green hill-side Casting in summer a pleasant shade,

dear to me is that orchard old, With its fragrant blossoms and fruit of gold, And the marinuring hum of the honey bees, ad the robin's song in the green old trees

But not for its fruit or fragrant flowers. the cool retreat of its shady bowers Or the song of the bird or hum of the bee orchard old most dear to me. But hencath the tree that widest spreads.

And blossoms in June like snow-flakes sheds, Where the bending branches sighing wave, On a mossy knoll is a little grave.

My brother lies in dreamless rest— Since his sunny face in the grave was laid,

Long hours I pass by that lowly mound, And often I think the angels are near— Mid the swaying branches their wings I hear

For the National Era. MRS. HADDEN.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The Melchers and the Stetsons remained with the-(The doctor mutters something, half to himself. He has been sitting at one side of my table, this half hour; looking my manuscript over, without once raising his eyes or opening his lips.

He is gone; and now the reader shall hear what he had to say.

"Let me see, child, how you are beginning this chapter," he said, stretching his neck so as to overlook my page. " 'The Melchers and the Stetsons remained with the '-with the Haldens, I suppose, over night. The Stetsons slept in the east chamber, where the French things were, I have no doubt : the Melchers in the west, with the cottage articles. But don't stop to write this, unless you are just writing a story for school girls. Are you?" "In part for school girls, in part for you."

"Gracious, then! let my part go on like thunder and smoke!" again busying himself with turning over the manuscript, as if he were hunting for something. "Where's you hero? Whole pages, and his name isn't once mentioned. Don't you know you ought to bring him forward oftener?" "Ought I?"

"Ought you, innocent? It is my opinion Whenever you write for me, lead your bero into the scenes at once. Keep him there. Or, you may let him go out, now and then: but be sure you let him come in again directly. heroic things. Oh, by the way, how did he get "Oh, no indeed, Dr. W-1 He could hardly bear her within gun-shot of him. He

had the strongest of all his strong antipathies "I should think so! A red face, stiff shoulders, a long, wiry neck, a squeaking voice-I don't know anybody so homely as Susanna Baker, if she is the only heiress in town. She wants to be married, too, they say: and shows it in all her face, that she wants to. How did Fletcher get along with being pinned to her? What brought them, in the first place, so near

"She came out where he was, by degrees,

playing with her fan as she came." George! I know just how mean she look d, as she came up. Had they met before?" Oh, yes. There at F-; and she went over once and spent the day, when he was at Col. Cabot's. She rode over on horseback; what

le answered it in prolonged and most ob-steperous laughter. He said he would as lief see a windmill on horseback.

"You are too bad, though, to laugh at her, for being stiff and ugly. I am stiff and ugly; ou'll be laughing at me, some day."

"You're ugly enough, for that matter, but I am, if any one is about who don't like

me. Now, a great many are about Susanna, wherever she goes, who don't like her. And I psesame she feels it. I think it is too bad." She should be agreeable, then."

Perhaps she can't be, until her life is oftened a little, and warmed up a little by kindness; by feeling that people like her for

never such arrant, downright fools, as they are when they try hard to please. In her way, that is. I don't wonder she made Fletcher hate her, if she laid herself out to please him. What did she say to him? for I know she was the first to speak, after she came up."

evening, Mr. Fletcher?'"
"Him! the unluckiest thing she could say, at the same instant that she was poking all his oyment out of him."
'He looked listlessly round on the company,

as if he were for the first time considering how he was enjoying himself, and then said, listfarther, if there was anything she had to say; if not, to pass on. But, finding that she did either the one nor the other, he added, 'Pleas-

"Ha, yes: that is the way things go on son mes. She said 'very pleasant,' of course."
"Yes; and then she asked him if he had

I suppose she wanted him to uncover certain pains to her, that she might look sympathetic, and say, 'And you had nobody to attend to you? suppose, if he had told her that he was troubled with pains in the top of his head, amongst the hair, she would have said something about poultices on the spot-poultices of

meal and flax-seed."
"Perhaps so. Mary Tillotson was at his side; she had been contending with him. Slip-ping Caroline Gore up into her place, she took hold of Jeanette's arm, and the two paced slowly back and forth, close by Fletcher. They walked round him, Susauns, and Caroline, once or twice; and on the state of the sta twice; and on the way, when they were behind them, adroitly pinned Fletcher and Susanna together. Then they paced back and forth be-fore him again, swallowing what laughter they could, wiping away the rest with their dainty

little handkerchiefs.

"You said something about my putting my hero into heroic attitudes; what do you think of this one? See him still standing with Susanna, worried and goaded by his dislike of her and of everything. and of everything she said, when, upon looking (as he had already done a dozen times before) and recrything she said, when, upon looking take had already done a dozen times before to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it fine girls were not coming back, he and pathos, is a favorite among them. As oil to see it is the seemed to kindle with almost a fierce of the said on the time and Dayton. There are about one hunder of the said in the toleration of that Almighty being, who, having the power to blast and to be swas less than \$10,000. The principal fires the seame and beside her eace of Fremontal to the said in the state of stone; but he whose most the toleration of that Almighty being, who, having the power to blast and to loss was less than \$10,000. The principal fires where the loss was less than \$10,000. The principal fires was done by the states, and beside her eace of the wind entered with imprecations, the follow the singular wander of the said power. As only interrece, at the toleration of that Almighty being, who, having the power to blast and to loss was less than \$10,000. The principal fires where the loss was less than \$10,000. The principal fires where the follow the singular wandering of the mysterious personage, whose the said that the said the said the said power of affection. This was done by interest the said the tors, the fire the Steamge.

The author did not write because of Fremman was often untered with imprecations, the first principal fires where the toleration of that Almighty being, w

the doctor said, after he was somewhat over the doctor said, after he was somewhat over his laughter. I guess those girls—they're regular witches, any way—laughed some."
"Mary Tillotson went right down at once to the floor, locked one arm round Mr. Stetson's leg, and laughed, and laughed, with her hand-kerchief at her mouth, trying to stifle it."
"Locked an arm round Mr. Stetson's leg?

"Locked an arm round Mr. Stetson's leg? That was a queer thing to do, it seems to me."

"Yes; but she didn't know that she was doing it. It was for support, just as she would have held upon a column, or a tree stem. Our excellent Julia Vesey was standing, at the time, talking with Mr. Stetson. She saw it all; the heroic attitude and all. Fletcher felt that she did, and this was his acutest discomfiture. "You may well say that. I know something about these things. He could have pulled Miss Vesey's hair then, I'll warrant you. He wished she would have the goodness to keep her eyes to herself, after that. He would thank her, if she would never look at him again. He felt it in all his nerves, though, that she would; and this made him think how nice it would be to be an Englishman, and 'cross the Channel,' the next morning. Did they speak to each other again that night?"

"Not before he went away?" "He went away that night, some time before the company broke up; went without saying his adieus to anybody but Mr. Hadden; just leaving them with him for Mrs. Hadden."

"And his au revoirs?" "Not his au revoirs. He was determine never to see her again; or, at any rate, as long as Julia stayed. He got into a snow-drift, go-ing home. It was his own fault; for he was thinking over his disgrace, and did not mind where he was going; but he jerked his horse's bridle, and was out of patience with him, as if it were the horse's fault getting in there and oundering in such a manner.

"Are you telling the truth now?" asked the

"I suppose not," the doctor replied, quietly

"Any more heroic attitudes?"
But that wasn't the end of his bad "Ah! let's hear," with the same half-incred-

"The servant girl at Col. Cabot's, not ex-

rather see them die outright, than to have them half-killed with paregoric, and then left to drag their pale, sickly lives through the long, miserworthless years that come between them and their graves. If you ever have children, you'll do foolish things enough, no doubt. One must pity them beforehand, thinking what a time they'll have with a mother who is always dabbling in the inkstand. But, whatever else you do, don't feed the poor, helpless things with paregoric. If you do, I shall say you are with paregoric. If you do, I shall say you are unfit for this most precious of all charges put into your hands; and I think that would be rather a hard thing for you to hear. Wouldn't it, child? Wouldn't it be hard for you to know that you had killed (or half-killed, which is worse) your own little babe? I guess it would. Legions of mothers are doing it, though, this

it makes me so angry, I could set my feet through the floor, when I think about it!" He was walking back and forth, with his might, as if he were a tempest. Soon his steps were stilled a little; and then, with a voice as if now he felt no great interest in the matter, he inquired what Fletcher did with himself, when he found that he was cheated out of his ingress

by that wretched servant girl.

"He put up his horse by the light of the moon that was just rising, and went to the hotel for the night." "And that, I hope, was the last of his trou-

"No. He felt cross and nervous. The big moon shone through his muslin curtains, ma-king it light as day; making his brain dizzy and half sick. After he had borne it as long as he could, he rese, and put his arm and shoulder out into the winter night, to shut the blinds, if he could. But he couldn't. They were tied back fast, against dilapidations by

face, now, as one could desire to see there.

"Yes. He slept at last; was near sleeping till noonday. And, if things went the least amiss, he was out of patience, and cross all

that day."
"My friend P—, of Philadelphia, has some "My friend P—, of Philadelphia, has some Chinese fire-screens in his parlors," said the doctor, "which had been as unintelligible to them, of course, (or nearly so, the illustrations helped them a little,) as the old Central American hieroglyphics, until, two years ago, when I was there, a troupe of Chinese performers came it! to the city, upon an engagement at the Wal-nut. My friend was editor of the Bulletin; and so, when some one of the management was taking them round to see the city, on the morning before their representation, he took them to my friend's house; and they huddled round the screens, reading and jabbering about them, poor things! Their interpreter translated one of them to us; and it was the story of a man who fell into all sorts of errors and misfortunes, and who finally was expatriated. I remember how it ended. I remember the slow, solemn shake of the man's head, the solemn mouth, as he concluded with—'And so he could never see his emperor's face any more.' You made me think of it with your—'And so he was out of patience, and cross all that day.' I conclude

"Yes."

"I don't feel exactly satisfied about it. I'm afraid the next thing I and the readers hear of him, will be, that he was seen one day, soon after, by some deer hunters, plunging into the depths of the woods up in the Saginaw country, where it was supposed, by most persons, that he would huild him a rude hermitage of logs, would huild him a rude hermitage of logs, would huild him a rude hermitage of logs, would him a rude hermitage of logs, would have a skins, would let his hair what is it?" said she, opening her wild, slittering eyes. the next thing I and the readers hear of him, will be, that he was seen one day, soon after, by some deer hunters, plunging into the depths of the woods up in the Saginaw country, where it was supposed, by most persons, that he would build him a rude hermitage of logs, would clothe himself in bear skins, would let his hair and beard grow, and subsist upon creatures wild and savage as himself, all the rest of his days. But now I shall say—'Good-bye,' to you, my child, and go. Fou're a lazy thing. You don't open your lips. You think it enough for you to do, and I suppose you think it confort enough for one, if you look indolently at one, smiling indolently, at helf one's 'Good-byes,' at helf one says."

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE. - The amount of property destroyed by fire in the United States, following table:

\$1,404,000 1,269,000 1,021,000 Do. in 1855. \$1,325,000 949,600 1,608,000 1,200,000 1,266,000

#### For the National Era. THE WATCHERS.

BY RUTH HARPER.

O'er a lonely grave Wild flowers wave, In the sweet prime Of summer time.
The air is ringing
With happy singing
From boughs o'erhead,
Whose shade is spread O'er the turf beneath, O'er the sleep of Death And silently

The stream goes by. In a far home O'er the sea-foam, The household light Glows clear and bright Sister! mother! The son, the brother, Ye watch for nightly-So, the light gleams brightly

Now, from each heart Slowly shall part, The hope away. The shadowy fear, This shall be near, Darkening each smile From troubled sleep Ye shall start, to wee Weeping to pray, For one far away-Till from each heart Slowly shall part, Like waning day

#### Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The light away.

"Are you telling the truth now?" asked the doctor, with the expression of a rank doubter all over his face. "You look mischievous, I'm suspicious that you are after more heroic attitudes. Own it, if you are."

"He certainly did get into the snow, Dr. W—, and have a great time there, floundering. When the Cabots and Tillotsons went home, the full moon was up, so that they saw the fancy-work he and his horse had made in the snow. When Mrs. Cabot charged him with it the next day, he owned it; but hadn't much to say about it."

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAP. XXIII—Continued.

"My friend," said father Dickson, "I feel bound in conscience to tell you that I think your trade a ruinous one to your soul. I hope you'll lay to heart the solemn warning you've heard to-night. Why, your own sense can show you that a trade can't be right that you'd be afraid to be found in if the great judgment-day were at hand."

"Well, I rather spect you speak the truth; but then, what makes fether Remied. ment-day were at hand."
"Well, I rather spect you speak the truth;
but, then, what makes father Bonnie stand up

"My friend, I must say that I think father "I know that," said the trader, doubtfully; Bonnie upholds a soul-destroying error. I must say that, as conscience-bound. I pray the Lord for him and you both. I put it right to your conscience, my friend, whether you think you could keep to your trade, and live a Christian life."

"I know that," said the trader, doubtfully; but it's a very hard case, this. I'll think about it, though. But there's father Bonnie wants to buy Nance. It would be a pity to disappoint him. But I'll think it over."

Father Dickson returned to the camp-ground between one and two o'clock at night, and, put-

pecting any one at home until some ....

pecting any one at home until some ....

midnight, had put the children to bed early, (she gave two of them paregoric, to facilitate proceedings,) and had gone to spend the evening, with eight or ten others, at Irish McGarvin's. She had not returned when Fletcher came; so there was no one to let him in."

that's just where with such things that come to uswomen. Well, I feel pretty bad, I tell you, to night; 'cause I know I haven't done right by this yer gal. I ought for to have let her alone; but, then, the devil or something possessed me. And now she has got a fever, and screeches awfully. I declar, some things she says go right pickson came back to enter the tent.

"Well, brother, where have you been so late?" as a looking for a few skeep in the look." as a looking for a few skeep in the look." as a looking for a few skeep in the look."

longing ostensibly and outwardly to a church which tolerated such evils. He rode along by which tolerated such evils. He rode along by the side of his companion, breaking forth into occasional ejaculations and snatches of hymns. After a ride of about an hour, they arrived at the encampment. A large fire had been made in a clear spot, and smouldering fragments and brands were lying a made that the spot and smouldering fragments and brands were lying a made that the spot are countenancing? Now, here, right the spot are countenancing? Now, here, right the spot are countenancing? Now, here, right the spot and women, gunry of no crume, driven in fetters through our land, shaming us in the and wagons were drawn up by them. Around and wagons were drawn up by them. Around the fire, in different groups, lay about fifteen men and women, with heavy iron shaeldes on their feet, asleep in the moonlight. At a little distance from the group, and near to one of the wagons, a blanket was spread down on the ground under a tree, on which lay a young girl of seventeen, tossing and mosning in a disturb ed stupor. A respectable-looking mulatto wo-man was sitting beside her, with a gourd full of water, with which from time to time she moist-ened her forehead. The woman rose as the

trader came up.
"Well, Nance, how does she do now?" said the trader.
"Mis'able enough!" said Nance. "She don

been tossing, a throwing round, and crying for her mammy, ever since you went away!"

"Well, I've brought the minister," said he.

"Try, Nance, to wake her up; she'll be glad to see him." The woman kuelt down, and took the hand of the sleeper. "Emily, Emily," she said, "wake

The girl threw herself over, with a su The girl threw herself over, with a sudden, restless toss. \*O, how my head burns! O, dear! O, my mother! Mother! mother! mother! why don't you come to me?"

Father Dickson approached, and knelt the other side of her. The mulatto woman made another effort to bring her to consciousness.

"Emily, here's the minister you was wanting

so much! Emily, wake up!" The girl slowly opened her eyes—large, trem-ulous, dark eyes. She drew her hand across them, as if to clear her sight, and looked wist-

fully at the woman.

"Yes, minister! You said you wanted to se

one,"
"O yes, I did!" she said, heavily.
"My daughter!" said father Dickson, "you are very sick!"
"Yes!" she said, "very! And I'm glad of it! I'm going to die! I'm glad of that, too! That's all I've got left to be glad of! But I wanted to ask you to write to my mother. She is a free woman; she lives in New York. I want you to give my love to her, and tell her not to worry any more. Tell her I tried all I could to get to her; but they took us, and mistress was so angry she sold me! I forgive her. tress was so angry she sold me! I forgive her, too. I don't bear her any malice, 'cause it's all over, now! She used to say I was a wild girl, and laughed too loud. I shan't trouble any one that way any more! So that's no matter!"

The girl spoke these sentences at long inter-

vals, occasionally opening her eyes and closing them again in a languid manner. Father Dick-son, however, who had some knowledge of medicine, placed his finger on her pulse, which that that was the end of your story of the day's was rapidly sinking. It is the usual instinct, in all such cases, to think of means of pro-longing life. Pather Dickson rose, and said to the trader:

"Unless some stimulus be given her, she will

glittering eyes.

"It's something to make you feel better."

"I don't want to feel better! I want to die!"
she said, throwing herself over. "What should

What should she? The words stru What should she? The words struck father Dickson so much, that he sat for a while in silence. He meditated in his mind how he gould reach, with any words, that dying ear, or enter with her into that land of trance and mist, into whose cloudy circle the soul seemed already to have passed. Guided by a subtle instinct, he seated himself by the dying girl, and began singing, in a subdued, plaintive air, the following well-known hymn:

## "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, Tis thy Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks—he speaks to thee! Say, poor sinner, jov'st thou me?"

1,266,000 The melody is one often sung among the negroes; and one which, from its tenderness

the tender pinions of the song. He went on

"Can a mother's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be: Sull will I remember thee."

By the light of the moon, he saw a tear steal from under the long lashes, and course slowly down her cheek. He continued his song:

"Mine is an eternal love, Higher than the heights above. Deeper than the dopths beneath. True and faithful, strong as death "Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of faith is done; Partner of my throne shalt be! Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

O, love of Christ! which no sin can weary, which no lapse of time can change; from which rollapse of time can change; from which tribulation, persecution, and distress, cannot separate—all-redeeming, all-glorifying, changing even death and despair to the gate of heaven! Thou hast one more triumph here in the wilderness, in the slave-coffle, and Thou comest to bind up the broken-hearted.

As the song ceased, she opened her eyes.

"Mother used to sing that!" she said.

"And can you believe in it, daughter?"

"Yes," she said, "I see Him now! He love

me! Let me go!"
There followed a few moments of those strugglings and shiverings which are the birthpangs of another life, and Emily lay at rest.
Father Dickson, kneeling by her side, poured out the fulness of his heart in an earnest prayer. Rising, he went up to the trader, and, taking his hand, said to him—

"My friend, this may be the turning point with your soul for eternity. It has pleased the Lord to show you the evil of your ways; and

now my advice to you is, break off your sins at once, and do works meet for repentance. Take off the shackles of these poor creatures, "Why, bless your soul, sir, this yer lot's worth ten thousand dollars!" said the trader,

who was not prepared for so close a practical Do not be too sure, friend, that the trader peculiar in this. The very same argument, ough less frankly stated, holds in the bonds of Satan many extremely well-bred, refined, respectable men, who would gladly save their souls, if they could afford the luxury.

"My friend," said father Dickson, using the

words of a very close and uncompromising preacher of old, "what shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his "I know that," said the trader, doubtfully

wilderness, whom everybody neglects," said father Dickson. And then, in a tone tremulous

ties you are countenancing? Now, here, right next to our comp, a slave-coffle encamped!

Los and women, gunty of no crime, driven in fetters through our land, shaming us in the sight of every Christian nation! What horrible, sight of every Christian nation! What horrible, abominable iniquities are these poor traders tempted to commit! What perfect hells are the great trading-houses, where men, women, and children, are made merchandize of, and where no light of the Gospel ever enters! And, when this poor trader is convicted of sin, and wants to enter into the kingdom, you stand there to apologize for his sins! Brother Bonnie, I much fear you are the stumbling-block over which souls will stumble into hell. I don't think you believe your argument from the Old think you believe your argument from the Old Testament, yourself. You must see that it has no kind of relation to such kind of Slavery as we have in this country. There's an awful Scripture which saith: 'He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, so that he

cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?'" The earnestness with which father Dickson spoke, combined with the reverence commonly entertained for his piety, gave great force to his words. The reader will not therefore wonder to hear that father Bonnie, impulsive and easily moved as he was, wept at the account, and was moved by the exhauttion. moved as ne was, wept at the account, and was moved by the exhortation. Nor will he be sur-prised to learn that, two weeks after, father Bonnie drove a brisk bargain with the same trader for three new hands.

The trader had discovered that the judgment-

day was not coming yet a while; and father Bonnie satisfied himself that Noah, when he awoke from his wine, said, "Cursed be Canaan."

We have one scene more to draw, before we dismiss the auditors of the camp meeting.

At a late hour, the Gordon carriage was winding its way under the silent, checkered, wood-land path. Harry, who came slowly on a horse behind, felt a hand laid on his bridle. With a

behind, felt a hand laid on his bridle. With a sudden start, he stopped.

"Q, Dred, is it you? How dared you—how could you be so imprudent? How dared you come here, when you know you risk your life?"

"Life!" said the other, "what is life?" He that loveth his life shall lose it. Besides, the Lord said unto me, Go! The Lord is with me as a mighty and terrible one! Harry, did you mark those men? Hunters of men, their you mark those men? Hunters of men, their hands red with the blood of the poor, all seeking unto the Lord! Ministers who buy and sell us! Is this a people prepared for the Lord? I left a man dead in the swamps, whom their dogs have torn! His wife is a widow—his children,

have torn! His wife is a widow—his children, orphans! They eat and wipe their mouth, and say, 'What have I done?' The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we!"

"I know it," said Harry, gloomily.

"And you join yourself unto them."

"Don't speak to me any more about that! I won't betray you, but I won't consent to have blood shed. My mistress is my sister."

"O, yes, to be sure! They read Scripture, don't they? Cast out the children of the bondwoman! That's Scripture for them!"

"I'red," said Harry, "I love her better than I love myself. I will fight for her to the last, but never against her, nor hers!"

but never against her, nor hers!"
"And you will serve Tom Gordon?" said "Never!" said Harry.

Dred stood still a moment. Through an opening among the branches, the moonbeams streamed down on his wild, dark figure. Harry remarked his eye fixed before him on vacancy, the pupil swelling out in glassy fulness, with a fixed, somnambulic stare. After a moment, he spoke, in a hollow, altered voice, like that of a

the golden bowl be broken. Yes, cover up the grave—cover it up! Now, hurry! come to me,

what's the his eyes, and stared on Harry.

Dred rubbed his eyes, and stared on Harry.

"I must go back," he said, "to my den.

Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests,' and in the habitation of dragons the Lord bath opened a way for his outcasts!"

He plunged into the thickets, and was gone.

CHAP, XXIV.

veneration. They held a person whose facul-ties were thus darkened as walking under the awful shadow of a supernatural presence; and, as the mysterious secrets of the stars only be-come visible in the night, so, in these eclipses of the more material faculties, they held there was often an awakening of supernatural per-

ceptions.

The hot and positive light of our modern materialism, which exhales from the growth of our existence every dew-drop, which searches out and dries every rivulet of romance, which sends an unsparing beam into every cool grotto of poetic possibility, withering the moss, and turning the dropping cave to a dusty den—this spirit, so remorseless, allows us no such indefinite land. There are but two words in the whole department of modern anthropology—the sane and the insane; the latter dismissed from human reckoning, almost with contempt. from human reckoning, almost with contempt. We should find it difficult to give a suitable hensively. name to the strange and abnormal condition in which this singular being, of whom we are speaking, passed the most of his time. It was a state of exaltation and trance, which

yet appeared not at all to impede the exercise of his outward and physical faculties, but rather to give them a preternatural keenness and in-tensity, such as sometimes attends the more completely developed phenomena of somnam-In regard to his physical system there was

also much that was peculiar. Our readers may imagine a human body of the largest and keenest vitality, to grow up so completely under the nursing influences of nature, that it may seem to be as perfectly en rapport with them as a tree; so that the rain, the wind, and the thunder, all those forces from which human beings generally seek shelter, seem to hold with it a kind of fellowship, and to be familiar com-

Such was the case with Dred. So completel had he come into sympathy and communic with nature, and with those forms of it which more particularly surrounded him in the swamps, that he moved about among them with as much ease as a lady treads her Turkey carpet. What would seem to us in recital to be incredible hardship, was to him but an ordinary condition of existence. To walk knee-deep in the spongy soil of the swamp, to force his way through thickets, to lie all night sinking in the porous soil, or to crouch, like the alligator, among reeds and rushes, were to him situations of as much comfort as well-curtained beds and pil-

ows are to us. It is not to be denied, that there is in this savage perfection of the natural organs a keen and almost fierce delight, which must excel the and almost herce delight, which must excel the softest seductions of luxury. Anybody who has ever watched the eager zest with which the hunting dog plunges through the woods, darts through the thicket, or dives into water, in an made his way forward.

"You must be pretty strong!" said his comuch vital force must be.

Dred was under the inspiring belief that he was the subject of visions and supernatural communications. The African race are said by mesmerists to possess, in the fullest degree, that peculiar temperament which fits them for hence the existence among them, peculiar magical powers. The grandfather of Dred, on his mother's side, had been one of these reputed African sorcerers; and he had early discovered in the boy this peculiar species of temperament. He had taught him the secret of temperament. He had taught him the secret of snake charming, and had possessed his mind from childhood with expectations of prophetic and supernatural impulses. That mysterious and singular gift what the second sight, is a very common tradition among the negroes; and there are not wanting thousands of reputed instances. instances among them to confirm belief in it.
What this faculty may be, we shall not pretend
to say. Whether there be in the soul a yet undeveloped attribute, which is to be to the future what memory is to the past, or whether in some individuals an extremely high and perfect condition of the sensuous organization endows them with something of that certainty of in-stinctive discrimination which belongs to ani-mals, are things which we shall not venture to

decide upon.

It was, however, an absolute fact with regard to Dred, that he had often escaped danger by means of a peculiarity of this kind. He had been warned from particular places where the hunters had lain in wait for him; had foreseen in times of want where game might be en-snared, and received intimations where persons were to be found in whom he might safely confide; and his predictions with regard to persons and things had often chanced to be so strikingly true, as to invest his sayings with a singular

awe and importance among his associates.

It was a remarkable fact, but one not pecu liar to this case, that the mysterious exaltation of mind in this individual seemed to run parallel with the current of shrewd, practical sense; and, like a man who converses alternately in two languages, he would speak now the language of exaltation, and now that of common life, interchangeably. This peculiarity imparted a singular and grotesque effect to his

whole personality.
On the night of the camp meeting, he was as we have already seen, in a state of the high est ecstasy. The wanton murder of his asso-ciate seemed to flood his soul with an awful tide of emotion, as a thunder-cloud is filled and shaken by slow-gathering electricity. And, although the distance from his retreat to the camp-ground was nearly fifteen miles, most of it through what seemed to be impassable it through what seemed to be impassable swamps, yet he performed it with as little consciousness of fatigue as if he had been a spirit. Even had he been perceived at that time, it is probable that he could no more have been taken, or bound, than the demoniac of Gadara. 'After he parted from Harry, he pursued his way to the interior of the swamp, as was his asual habit, repeating to himself, in a chanting voice, such words of prophetic writ as were familiar to him.

miliar to him.

The day had been sultry, and it was now ar hour or two past midnight, when a thunder-storm, which had long been gathering and muttering in the distant sky, began to develop its forces.

A low, shivering sigh crept through the woods, and swayed in weird whistlings the tops of the pines; and sharp arrows of lightning came glittering down among the darkness of the branches, as if sent from the bow of some warlike angel. An army of heavy clouds swept in a moment across the moon; then came a broad, dazzling, blinding sheet of flame, concentrating itself on the top of a tall pine near where Dred was standing, and in a moment shivered all its branches to the ground, as a child strips the leaves from a twig. Dred clapped his hands with a fierce delight; and, while the rain and wind were howling and hissing around him, he

wind were howling and hissing around him, he shouted alond;

"Wake, O, arm of the Lord! Awake, put on thy strength! The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars—yes, the cedars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire! The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh! Hail-stones and coals of fire!" The storm, which howled around him, bent

the forest like a reed, and large trees, uprooted from the spongy and tremulous soil, fell crash-ing with a tremendous noise; but, as if he had been a dark spirit of the tempest, he shouted and exulted.

The perception of such awful power seemed to animate him, and yet to excite in his soul an impatience that He whose power was so infinite id not awake to judgment.
"Rend the heavens!" he cried, "and come down! Avenge the innocent blood! Cast forth thine arrows, and slay them! Shoot out thy lightnings, and discomfort them!"

drops dashed less and less frequently; a softer breeze passed through the forest, with a patter like the clapping of a thousand little wings; and the moon occasionally looked over the silvery battlements of the great clouds.

As Dred was starting to go forward, one of these clear revealings showed him the cowering form of a man, crouched at the root of a tree, a few paces in front of him. He was evidently a fugitive, and, in fact, was the one of whose escape to the swamps the Georgia trader had complained on the day of the meeting.

ion which fathers feel for daughters, and brothers for sisters, is sufficient to insure their proection and secure them against want. In the omplained on the day of the meeting.
"Who is here, at this time of night?" sai arrangements of Providence, we cannot help feeling that he meant this should be the case:

Dred, coming up to him.
"I have lost my way," said the other.
don't know where I am!" "A runaway?" inquired Dred.
"Don't betray me!" said the other, appre

"Betray you! Would I do that?" said Dred. "How did you get into the swamp?" "I got away from a soul-driver's camp, that was taking us on through the States."
"O, O!" said Dred. "Camp meeting ar

driver's camp right alongside of each other! Shepherds that sell the flock, and pick the bones! Well, come, old man; I'll take you home with "I'm pretty much beat out," said the ma "It's been up over my kness every step; and I didn't know but they'd set the dogs after me. If they do, I'll let 'em kill me, and done with it. bout ready to have it over with. I got free once, and got clear up to New York, and got me a little bit of a house, and a wife and two children, with a little money beforehand; and then they nabbed me, and sent me back again, and mas'r sold me to the drivers, and I believe I's 'hout as good'd die.

elieve I's 'bout as good's die. There's no use made him fit companion for one of her lineage trying to live-everything going agin a "Die! No, indeed, you won't," said Dred;
"not if I've got hold of you! Take heart, man,
take heart! Before morning, I'll put you where
the dogs can't find you, nor anything else.
The The man rose up, and made an effort to fol-low; but, wearied, and unused as he was to the

hoked and perplexed way, he stumbled and fell almost every minute.
"How now, brother?" said Dred. "This won't do! I must put you over my shoulder, as I have many a buck before now!" And, suiting the action to the word, he put the man on his back, and, bidding him hold fast to him, went on, picking his way as if he scarcely per-

ceived his weight. It was now between two and three o'clock and the clouds, gradually dispersing, allowed the full light of the moon to slide down here "You must be pretty strong!" said his con

panion. "Haye you been in the swamps long?"
"Yes," said the other, "I have been a wild
man—every man's hand against me—a companion of the dragons and the owls, this many a year. I have made my bed with the leviathan. among the reeds and the rushes. I have found untarily down to the ways of darkness and imperious aristocrat; and yet is numbered the evolution of mesmeric phenomena; and the alligators and the snakes better neighbors death. ed to have them alone; but Christians will hunt for precious life."
After about an hour of steady travelling, Dred and however kind the voice whose accents fell upon her ear, it produced no more visible emotion

After about an hour of steady travelling, Dred arrived at the outskirts of the island which we have described. For about twenty paces before he reached it, he waded waist-deep in water. Creeping out, at last, and telling the other one to follow him, he began carefully coursing along time, a long, shrill, peculiar whistle. It was responded to by a similar sound, which seemed to proceed through the bushes. After a while, a erackling noise was heard, as of some animal, which gradually seemed to come pearer and which gradually seemed to come nearer and nearer to them, till finally a large water-dog emerged from the underbrush, and began testi fying his joy at the arrival of the new comer by most extravagant gambols.
"So, ho! Buck! quiet, my boy!" said Dred.
"Show us the way in!" The dog, as if understanding the words, im

mediately turned into the thicket, and Dred and his companion followed him, on their hands and knees. The path wound up and down the brushwood, through many sharp turnings, till at last it ceased altogether, at the roots of a tree; and, while the dog disappeared among the brushwood, Dred climbed the tree, and directed his companion to follow him, and, proceeding out on to one of the longest limbs, he sprang nimbly on to the ground in the cleared space which we have before described.

His wife was standing waiting for him, and threw herself upon him with a cry of joy.

"O, you've come back! I thought, sure enough, dey'd got you dis time!"

"Not yet! I must continue till the opening ediately turned into the thicket, and Dred and

"Not yet! I must continue till the opening of the scals—till the vision cometh! Have ye buried him?"

"No; there's a grave dug down yonder, and he's been carried there." "Come, then!" said Dred.

At a distant part of the clearing was a blasted cedar-tree, all whose natural foliage had perished. But it was veiled from head to foot in
long wreaths of the tillandsia, the parasitic moss
of these regions, and, in the dim light of the approaching dawn, might have formed no unapt
resemblance to a gigantic spectre dressed in
mourning weeds.

ourning weeds.

Beneath this tree Dred had interred, time to time, the bodies of fugitives which he found dead in the swamps, attaching to this dis-position of them some peculiar superstitious

and the new comer, were now gathered around the shallow grave; for the soil was such as scarcely gave room to make a place deep enough for a grave, without its becoming filled with The dawn was just commencing a dim fore-

shadowing in the sky. The moon and stars were still shining. Dred stood and looked up, and spoke, in breu stood and looked up, and spoke, in a solemn voice:

"Seek him that maketh Arcturus and Orion—that turneth the shadow of death into morning! Behold those lights in the sky—the lights in his hands pierced for the sins of the world, and spread forth as on a cross! But the day shall spread forth as on a cross." spread forth as on a cross! But the day shall come that he shall lay down the yoke, and he will bear the sin of the world no longer. Then shall come the great judgment. He will lay righteousness to the line and judgment to the plunmet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies."

a bending twig to cling to for support. Alone to a frail, young creature, nurtured in dependence and pampered by luxury, never taught self-reliance, or prepared for adversity, left to encounter its rudest blasts, without shelter or a single staff of defence.

He whose arms should have opened to receive her repulsed her with reproaches, and

He stooped, and, lifting the body, laid him in the grave, and at this moment the wife broke into a loud lament. ceive her, repulsed her with reproaches, and the bosom on which she longed to rest her father's anger, however unjust, must poison a daughter's happiness; and however conscious of rectitude, there must be a sting in her bosom, the pang of which no balm can aliay.

Mary had been permitted a little enjoyment, "Hush, woman!" said Dred, raising his hand. "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bewail him; but weep ye were for the living! He must lie till the rest of his brethren be killed; for the

vision is sealed up for an appointed time. If it tarry, wait for it. It shall surely come, and ENIGRATION FOR SIX MONTHS .- The follow ing shows the number of emigrants who arrived at the port of New York during the last six months; also, a comparison between the ex-pired portion of the present year and the cor-

iding portion the last three years : 10,514 7,485 2,344 4,446 6,123 2,224 3,758 2,069 4,584 31,148 10,195 8,295 54,078 24,177 19,006 25,807 19,427 19,901 - 11,958 9.685 - 23,583 31,148 10,195 8,295 7 19,006 24,177 19,006 25,807 19,427 19,901 25,617 134,751 69,476 56,354 10,205 10,20 23.583

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newed their strength, and her cheek was once

more mantled with the flush of beauty, but the light was gone out forever in the chambers of the mind. She walked about, meek and passive as a little child, obedient in doing whatever she was asked or bid, but dreamy and inactiveno longer capable of love, or joy, or happiness, but quiet and inoffensive—no more in danger f meriting reproach!

and that smote her, but her loving words were like sharp arrows to the heart of him whose pity came too late to save his child; and now he would have given a world to recall the bitter past-to speak the blessing she could no

The victim would now kiss and fondle the

Remorse, like a scorpion, stung his spirit, and preyed upon his life; and long ere age had set his seal upon his brow, death called him hence. Again poor Mary was alone.

There were two sons; the elder bore the proud name of Mortimer, and was the father's favorite. On him were lavished "gifts—gold and frankincense," and all that school and col-

ege and foreign travel could give of polish daughter's portion in the day in which she and education; and he repaid it by a fawning sycophancy, and hypocritical acquiescence, which so many in power, as well as parents and guardians, deceive themselves into believ ng is honest deference and love. He gained his object-his father's confidence and his and from which they came. The father, too, riches—and was numbered among the dignitaries of the Commonwealth.

There was a humble provision for the re naining son and daughter; for poor Mary, what would have comfortably supported her through life, had it been properly invested and secured; but it was intrusted to him who knew no law or honor except his own gratification, and soon the health of the younger brother was destroyed and his spirit crushed by brutal vioence; and an only sister, the gay and accom-plished daughter of wealth and fashion, was a

took their tone from real life; and this feature pity and human feeling, and influenced by no sense of duty, they banished her to the pau-per's home, took possession of her little patrimony, and she was evermore a stranger among her kindred.

brightness, and life, too, was without an object; Whether she understood and felt the wrong and destitute of these two incentives to exerould not be known. She sat all day, patient tion and motives for existence, there was nothat her toil, and the nicest articles in the warding-the mind became paralyzed, and the heart robe of him who wasted her substance and de stroyed her home were wrought by her hands. No expression of unkindness escaped her lips, With Mary C- there must have been also and there was no evidence that she was conbitterness of spirit; for, deprived of the syma bitterness of spirit; for, deprived of the sym-pathy of him in whom her hopes were centred, are revelling in the halls of her fathers, she is she refused the sympathy of all the world becrouching, shivering, and almost starving, in side, and would not hold communion with any. a lonely garret. Whilst others are feasting at There are no numeries for Protestant recluses; and this may be the reason why so many, the luxurious board, provided from the widow's to whom the gaze of a mocking world is tor-ture, seek the oblivion which death alone offers,

and plunge themselves into some gulf or fathceived the highest honors of the State, and is omless stream, or, as is the case with many more than the world has knowledge of, go volamong the worthies of the early days of our remedies. She shut herself in a solitary cham-Here there was neither natural affection ber of her father's house, and for two long years was as dead to all around her as if the clod and the green mound had covered her.

Not a word did her lips utter in all that time;

There may be few who experience the extent of injustice and cruelty which fell to the lot of than if addressed to a marble statue. There Mary Commission the number the more statues expressionless, and on her brow a settled gloom, because those who are guilty of it are kindred expressionless, and on her brow a settled gloom, fit emblem of the soul within, seeming almost unconscious of existence. A father who could sterilize her soul, and quench the gushing fountains of her heart, did not refuse her the gratification of her physical wants, and the daily ministration of outward kindness. Every day he went in and out with the same haughty step—every morning, noon, and night ate his step—every morning, noon, and night, ate his meals in the same haughty silence. No allusion was made to her whose happiness had

# been blighted, and whose smile might have been the sunshine of his life. Her slow and melancholy step above his head should have

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. THE BETROTHAL. BOSTON

This poem, printed in old English type, bears out quickening it to kindly deeds. We may call it love, but what better is it than hatred, if English. But the subject is one that belongs the impress of an English mind-its allusions. its fruits are the same? A father and daughter for two long years beneath the same roof, with-

revenge!

The mother, who would have been the mediHad it been written by Tennyson, it would ator between the stern parent and disobedient or appealing children, had been long in the which it is not now; but not Tennyson himself grave; and brothers, who should have plead a could make sweeter lines than some of these

refuse protection to her who sought it, blighted by a father's curse; and there was found one gest "The Angel of the House." But we are ho was willing to unite them in the name of left to conjecture, as yet. God, and pray for them the blessing of Heaven. No review of the book can do such justice to

From "Frost in Harvest," the following is

"Sweet are the flatteries of love;
They neither would nor do deceive,
Albeit they lift our hearts above
All flatteries which our hearts believe
But this of making me her lord

1856.
2,344
4,584
4,584
4,584
19,006

No longer a stubborn and repellious child, poor Mary was now as weak and helpless as in her infancy; and now there dawned, in the stern father's bosom, that pity which physical weakness is so potent to excite, while the sorrow-stricken and woe-burdened heart may plead in the state of the sta

This is the production of an earnest mind

out once meeting, without the interchange of a single word, nourishing enmity, and studying

universal.

It is a noble poem, on the noblest subject

sister's cause, pronounced her weak and foolish, and left her to desertion.

But there came a revulsion to the young

As yet, we ask in vain, we As yet, we ask in vain, who wrote it? and heart, so paralyzed and oppressed, and a spirit of rebellion aroused her to throw off the chains which bound her, and flee. Love is sure to find willing messengers and the lover did not find willing messengers, and the lover did not "The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosic" which sug-

There are some flowers which seem blighted in the bud; and though they bloom, it is without the healthy freshness that indicates perfection, and they fade, and droop, and die, and called "The Lover," we quote:

"The Lover," we quote:

"O, paradox of love, he longs,
Most humble when he most repire
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs.
From her he worships and desiree
And yet his passion, if need be,
Would spend all on a single kise,
And call it great economy,
Counting the honor, not the bliss,
A trifle serves for his relief,
A trifle tures him sick and pale;
And yet his pleasure and his grief
Are both on a majestic scale."

The lover who, across a gulf

"The lover who, across a gulf
Of ceremony, views his love,
And dares not yet address herself,
Pays worship to her stolen glove.
The gulf o'erleapt, the lover wed.
It happens oft, (the truth be told.)
The halo leaves the sacred head,
Respect grows lax, and worship cold,
And all loves May-day promising,
Like song of hirds before they pair,
Or flush of flowers in boastfal spring,
Dies out, and leaves the summer bare.
Yet should a man, it seems to me,
Honor what honorable is,
For some more honorable plea
Than only that it is not his
The gentle wife, who decks his board
And makes his oay to have no night,
Whose wishes wait upon her lord,
Who finds her own in his delight.
Is she another now than she
Who, mistress of her maiden charms,
At his wild prayer, incredibly
Committed them to his proud arms?
Unless her choice of him's a slur
Which makes her proper credit dim.
He never enough can honor her
Who past all speech has honor'd him."
And the following, from still another Idyl:
"Sweet are the flatteries of love;"

it. It is a noble poem, on a noble theme. T. ASPIRATION. An Autobiography of Girlhood. By Mrs Manners Second Edition. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Blakeman, No. 115 Nassau street. Pp. 334